

HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

NOVEMBER

10¢

NO. 37

100 PAGES

IN THIS ISSUE:
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ON THE
RANGE!**

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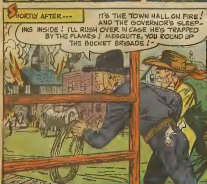
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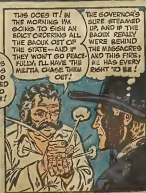
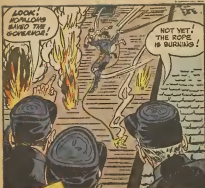


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HOPALONG CASSIDY





DAWN FINDS THE SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER, IN THE SAGUX RESERVATION --

YOU HAVE WORD OF CHIEF RAIN DEER SAGUX TRIBE NOT RESPONSIBLE! WHILE NO CAN PROVE, ME SUSPECT BANISHED WARRIORS OF STARTING TROUBLE TO GET REST OF TRIBE IN TROUBLE!

WHOLE SAGUX TRIBE WILL HELP CATCH EVIL BRAVES!

IF THE GOVERNOR COULD HEAR YOU SAY THAT, I'M SURE HE'D CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT THE EDICT, CHIEF RAIN DEER! STOP IN AT WIDOW JONES' BOARDINGHOUSE AT TEN AND TELL HIM WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME!

GOOD! I'LL RIDE AHEAD AND ARRANGE THE APPOINTMENT. ME DO!

LUCKY WE FOLLOW PALE-FACE SHERIFF OR WHOLE PLAN RUINED! NOW KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT!

LATER, AT WIDOW JONES' BOARDINGHOUSE --

ALL RIGHT, HOPALONG, SINCE YOU THINK IT'S THE SMART THING TO DO, I'LL TALK TO CHIEF RAIN DEER!

THANK YOU, SIR! HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON! I'LL BE IN THE JAILHOUSE IF YOU NEED ME!

MEANWHILE, AS CHIEF RAIN DEER RIDES TO MEET THE GOVERNOR --

UGH!

THAT FINISH OFF CHIEF! NOW REMOVE HEAD- DRESS AND WE TAKE HIS PLACE!

BUT LONG HORN, WHAT IF GOVERNOR RECOGNIZE YOU NOT CHIEF?

HE WON'T KNOW DIFFERENCE! HE NEVER SEE CHIEF RAIN DEER BEFORE! NOW HURRY! APPOINTMENT FOR TEN O'CLOCK! TIME SOON HERE!

TEN O'CLOCK --

GO RIGHT IN, CHIEF RAIN DEER! THE GOVERNOR IS EXPECTING YOU!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

COME IN, CHIEF! ACCORDING TO HOPALONG CASSIDY, YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE AN OATH THAT YOUR TRIBE WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE HORRIBLE CRIMES!



WE NOT INTERESTED IN OATH! ONLY IN KILLING YOU SO PALEFACES WIPE OUT BADUX TRIBE AND WE GET REVENGE!



HE UNCONSCIOUS! NOW WE COVER WITH BLANKET AND HEADRESS AND TAKE AWAY! WE KILL AND LEAVE BODY NEAR BADUX RESERVATION!



BRAVE TAKE SICK! WE MUST LEAVE RIGHT AWAY SO CAN GET HIM BACK TO MEDICINE MAN!



YUH KNOW I WOULD'VE SWORN ONLY THREE INJUNS WENT INSIDE!

I THINK SO, TOO! MAYBE WED BETTER TAKE A LOOK INSIDE AND SEE IF EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!



(GULP!) THE GOVERNORS GONE!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONE WRAPPED UP IN THE BLANKET! HURRY! MAYBE WE CAN STILL STOP THEM INJUN VANDALTS!



TOO LATE! THEY'RE GONE! WE CAN'T CHASE THEM SINCE WE DONT KNOW THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!

LET'S REPORT THIS TO THE SHERIFF!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

A FEW MINUTES LATER---

IT LOOKS AS IF CHIEF RAIN DEER HAS MADE A FOOL OF ME! I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE RESERVATION AND SEE IF I CAN RESCUE THE GOVERNOR BEFORE THEY KILL HIM!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! IN THE MEANWHILE, THE GOVERNOR LEFT ORDERS---



...IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM, I WAS TO NOTIFY THE MILITIA AND TELL THEM TO WIPE OUT THE SAGUX! SO I'LL DO IT RIGHT AWAY!

KICK UP DUST, TOPPER! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



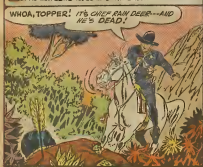
SHORTLY AFTER---

WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE SAGUX RESERVATION! SINCE THEY'RE UP TO FOUL PLAY, THEY'LL PROBABLY BE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE! WE'D BETTER CUT OFF HERE AND SNEAK IN AROUND THE BACK!



BUT AS HOPALONG RIDES INTO THE BRUSH---

WHOA, TOPPER! IT'S CHIEF RAIN DEER---AND HE'S DEAD!



---I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT AND THE SAGUX WILL BE WIPE OUT! IF THOSE BANISHED INDIANS WANT TO MAKE THE SAGUX LOOK REALLY GUILTY, THEY'LL PROBABLY LEAVE THE GOVERNOR'S BODY, AFTER THEY KILL HIM, NEAR THE ENTRANCE, SO THE MILITIA WILL SPOT IT AS THEY RIDE UP!



I KNOW NOW MY FIRST HENCH ABOUT THE SAGUX WAS CORRECT! THEY'RE INNOCENT! BUT UNLESS I CAN RESCUE THE GOVERNOR IN TIME TO CALL OFF THE MILITIA---



MEANWHILE, THE MILITIA IS ON ITS WAY TO WIPE OUT THE INNOCENT SAGUX!

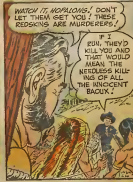
THIS WAY! THE SAGUX ARE DIRECTLY NORTH OF HERE!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



AS SOON AS FINISH TYING PALEFACE, I'LL SCALP HIM! THEN TOSS BODY NEAR ENTRANCE TO TRIBE! THAT PROVE BACUX GUILTY!

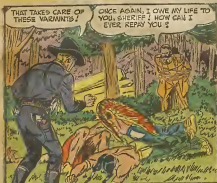


BUT
THREE
AGAINST
ONE
ISN'T
BIG
ENOUGH
ODDS
TO
UPSET
THE
STAGHORN
SHERIFF
OF
TWIN
RIVER--



THAT TOOK CARE OF
THESE VARMINTS!

ONCE AGAIN, I OWE MY LIFE TO
YOU, SHERIFF! HOW CAN I
EVER REPAY YOU?



THAT'S
UNIMPORTANT!



THE IMPORTANT THING RIGHT
NOW IS TO HEAD OFF THE
MILITIA BEFORE THEY
START ATTACKING THE
BADUX TRIBE!

I RECKON I
ACTED TOO HASTILY
IN FORMING MY
OPINION ABOUT THE
BADUX! IF THERE'S ANY-
THING I CAN DO, JUST
TELL ME!



THERE IS! IF WE CAN REACH THE RESERVATION
BEFORE THE MILITIA, YOUR PRESENCE WILL
KEEP THEM FROM FIRING!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



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THE MARVEL FAMILY



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Eddie Joost

CHAMPION
SHORTSTOP
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA
ATHLETICS

NOW I CAN SEE
MYSELF
IN ACTION!

SPARKED BY JOOST'S SENSATIONAL
PLAY & TEAM SPIRIT - ATHLETICS
FINISHED IN 1ST DIVISION ('48) FOR
FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS.
EDDIE WAS AWARDED TELEVISION
5ST WHEN FANS VOTED HIM "MOST
VALUABLE AND POPULAR
PHILADELPHIA PLAYER!"

SEE WHAT YOU
CAN DO WITH
WHEATIES,
BOYS!

WHERE'D HE
COME FROM?

SAYS HE BATTED
1000 IN THE
WHEATIES
LEAGUE!

CHAMPIONS START YOUNG!
EDDIE JOOST BEGAN IN
PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
WHEN ONLY 16 YEARS OLD!
HAS PLAYED EVERY
INFIELD POSITION
DURING CAREER.

EDDIE HAS 4 SONS - WANTS THEM
ALL TO BE BALL PLAYERS!

ANY OF YOU GUYS
NEED NOURISHMENT?

"FOR A SWELL YEAR-AROUND
TRAINING DISH, I'LL TAKE
WHEATIES ANYTIME,"
SAYS CHAMPION JOOST.
A BIG BOWLFUL OF THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES -
WITH MILK AND FRUIT -
REALLY TASTES SWELL.
HANDS YOU GOOD
NOURISHMENT, TOO."

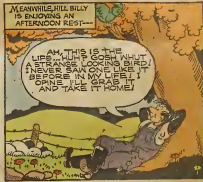
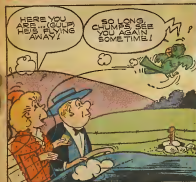
WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of Quaker Oats Company, Inc.





BANDITS BOMBED
BY BOTTLES!

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

POOR SAM!
SAW A HELICOPTER
RIDE!

YET WHEN
DASHIELL
THE WILDRIFT
CREAM-OIL
SALESMAN

WHERE DO WE GO
WITH ALL THIS WILDRIFT
CREAM-OIL...HEY,
LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE
REPORTED RACING
TOWARD THE BORDER
POLICE WASH MOTORISTS
TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1
FOR MOTORCYCLES
PULSING REBANDIT
CAR

THERE'S HIGHWAY #1
AND THERE'S A GAIL
WITH MOTORCYCLES
ABOUT A MILE
BEHIND...

HOW IF THEY JUST
HAD A BLOWOUT?
THAT WOULD
STOP 'EM!

WELL, LET'S GIVE 'EM A
BLOWOUT! POY OVER THE
ROAD AHEAD OF 'EM, AUTO...
LET'S OPEN THESE CASES
OF WILDRIFT CREAM-OIL

CREAM-OIL
AWAY!

WHY SO GLUM,
SAM? THOSE
GLASS BOTTLES
STOPPED 'EM

YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF
WILDRIFT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF
ALL THE GUYS WHO WON'T HAVE
HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED HAIR
JUST BECAUSE OF ME!

POOR SAM...

SAM SPADE ASKS:

**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?**

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS
AND LOOSE, UGLY CLUMPS
YOU NEED WILDRIFT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC
-CONTAINS SOOTHING L'VULIN

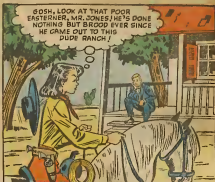
EPHIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDRIFT
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING
AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS
BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

SHIFTING
TROUBLES



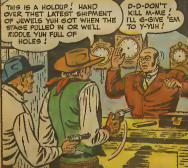
HOPALONG CASSIDY

in **MURDER AT THE RIVER'S EDGE!**

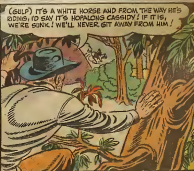
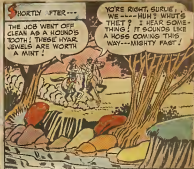
STARRING
WM. BOYD

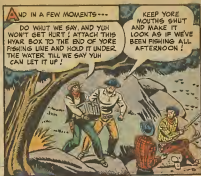
MURDER AT RIVER'S EDGE! That's what Twin River's famed, fighting sheriff, Hopalong Cassidy, finds on his search for two gun-toting, fast-shooting, daring jewelry crooks---who think it nothing to add another murder to their list---that of Hopalong himself!

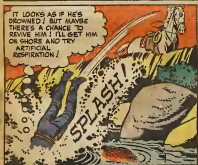
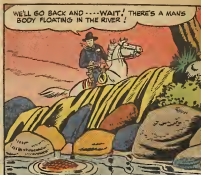
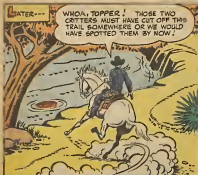
THE TWIN RIVER JEWELRY EXCHANGE---



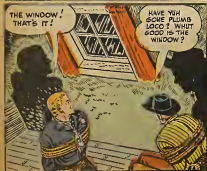
HOPALONG CASSIDY

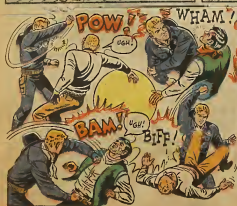
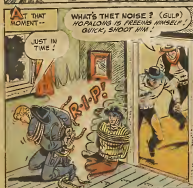
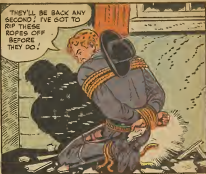
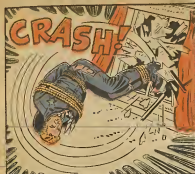














LAST WORD

By Clement Good

CORPORAL KLINE of the Blue Town Detachment, Rockhill Division, Northwest Mounted Police, was riding in a leisurely fashion, thinking what a fine day it was, how blue the sky, how pretty the flowers. His uniform was bright, his horse well-groomed. If he had been a singer, he probably would have been singing in the saddle. It was such a day.

Then he heard a shot. Behind and to the left. Corporal Kline wheeled his horse and headed in that direction. The sky might be blue, the sun might be bright, but no longer had he thoughts for those things. He had to investigate that shot.

Of course, it was wild country. One occasionally heard shots. A 16 gauge shotgun. A .22 rifle. But Kline's ears were trained to distinguish among shots. He knew the shotgun, the rifle, the revolver, the automatic. And his ears had told him the shot he heard came from a .45-calibre automatic, not the type of weapon a hunter was likely to use in stalking game. Unless that game happened to be a human being!

He spurred his mount into the thick woods along a narrow game trail. The thick carpet of pine needles made the horse's hoofs scarcely audible as the mountie sped along. He knew this trail as he knew virtually every leaf and branch, every rock and stream of the territory it was his duty to patrol. The trail would lead to the lonely cabin of Trapper Frenchie, a little woodsman who made his living in furs.

Trapper Frenchie was believed to be about 60 years old and he had spent some 40 years at his trapping trade. He was reputed to be quite wealthy. Many thought him a fool to be so wealthy and yet live a life that was nearly hermit-like in a small cabin in the deep woods. But Frenchie apparently had found life in the woods preferable to any other.

Corporal Kline rode fast, his head low to avoid overhanging branches. Soon he was in the little clearing around Frenchie's cabin.

"Frenchie!" he called, dismounting. "Frenchie! Are you here? Are you all right?"

There was no answer. Kline raced to the cabin. Its door was ajar. He looked inside. The cabin was in order, spic and span as Frenchie always kept it. The polished wood stove, the little cupboard with dishes neatly stacked, the small, clean table. There was but one thing awry. The little trunk Frenchie kept at the foot of his bunk was open. It was not like the neat little man to go away and leave anything open.

Three steps took the mountie to the trunk. He looked in. It was empty. He was about to yell again when a series of tiny explosions hit his ear. He knew the sound. A motor boat starting. Kline ran out of the cabin and raced downhill toward the river. As he sped he drew his service revolver.

The path to the river curved so that he had no clear view of the stream until he had nearly reached the bank. Then his eye caught two things. Trapper Frenchie sprawled motionless across a jutting rock and a motorboat heading downstream fast, leaving a foaming wake.

THE mountie shouted and fired after the fleeing craft. His pistol barked nervously, but the boat was already out of range, speeding away, loaded with furs and no doubt with Trapper Frenchie's life savings.

Quickly realizing he had no chance to stop the fleeing craft, Corporal Kline turned his attention to Frenchie. The little trapper was still breathing, but Kline could tell from the location of the bullet hole that no doctor could ever save the man.

Frenchie opened his eyes and gasped. The mountie leaned close to him. It was evident the dying man was trying to say something, trying, perhaps, to give a message. Kline held his ear close and thus heard Frenchie's last word. It came out as a hoarse, gasping whisper. Then Frenchie closed his eyes and stopped breathing.

BACK at the barracks, Corporal Kline reported to his superiors. He advanced his theory that robbery was undoubtedly the motive for the crime. He assumed that the thief had

got into Frenchie's cabin, stolen whatever was in the trunk, made off with the furs, and headed for the river. Perhaps the trapper had surprised him there, but the thief had silenced the old man with one slug from a forty-five.

"And his last word was 'donnez'?" somebody asked, looking at Kline's written report and pronouncing the word the way it appears. "What does that mean?"

"It's French," explained Corporal Kline. "You pronounce it 'donnay'. It means 'give'."

"That's all he said, 'Give'?"

"I have no doubt he wanted to say more, sir," declared the corporal. "But death cut him short."

"Give! That doesn't sound like much of a thing for a dying man to say. Why didn't he tell who it was shot him?"

"Perhaps," suggested Corporal Kline, "he wanted to ask his Maker, 'Give me strength.' Or perhaps he has relatives somewhere, he wanted to say, 'Give my effects to So-and-so.'"

The Lieutenant cut in with, "Poor Frenchie. He may merely have intended to say, '*Donnez moi d'eau!*' That's '*Give me water!*' I've seen many a man with a .45 slug in him who wanted a drink most of all."

"It's a possibility," agreed Corporal Kline. "All I heard was 'donnez'."

The investigators agreed unanimously that Frenchie's last word wouldn't be much help in catching the killer. Corporal Kline sadly admitted he certainly couldn't identify the killer, having had only a glimpse of the culprit's back, the man being huddled low in a speeding motorboat.

It appeared that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, famous for always getting its man, was at last stumped. Of course, routine investigations were made, but it seemed a hopeless task. There was no positive way to identify either Frenchie's furs or his money. Anyone who had furs for sale was questioned. Anyone who seemed to have an unusual amount of money was subjected to interrogation. But nothing came of it. All those apprehended had iron-clad alibis.

Months passed. Corporal Kline went to town

on leave. He had a two-week vacation. But he was not carefree as one is supposed to be on a vacation. Having a neat mind, Kline hated unfinished business. And with the murder of Trapper Frenchie as yet unsolved, he couldn't enjoy his vacation. He felt, however irrationally, responsible for the case. Somehow, almost as if pulled by a magnet, his footsteps had been drawn to the section of town where the fur stores were.

The first store bore a sign:

*D. A. Green
Finest Furs*

He went in. He was determined to query each of the fur dealers as to whether any suspicious-looking characters, anyone who was not known as a fur trapper, had entered, trying to sell furs. A woman greeted him and he explained his business.

The woman called to the back room. "Police-man to see you, Don."

A man came from the back room. Corporal Kline felt that he looked a great deal like some of the foxes whose pelts were hanging in the place. Acting almost on instinct alone, the corporal said, "I arrest you for the murder of Trapper Frenchie."

The fox-like man whipped out a pistol and fired. Kline's shoulder stung, but he lunged forward, grabbing the man's gun arm in a vice-like grip. The pistol barked again and again, but the shots lodged harmlessly in the wall.

HIS shoulder was heavily bandaged and it hurt quite a lot, but Sergeant Kline was able to smile as he gave his full report.

"Of course," he said, "the same forty-five that clipped me was the one that got poor Frenchie. That was the evidence that got D. A. Green to confess. He and Frenchie had been partners years ago and when he needed funds he decided to help himself from the furs and savings of his old pal. But I really don't deserve this promotion. If I had any kind of brain at all, I should have known that Frenchie wasn't saying 'donnez' with his dying breath. He was identifying his killer, 'Don A.'"

THE END

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

in "THE
DANGEROUS
DANCE"

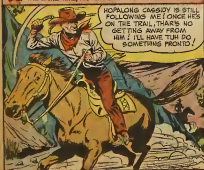
A MESQUITE
STORY

KILLER KEANE IS
SOMEWHERE IN THESE
HILLS, TOPPER, AND
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP
SEARCHING TILL WE FIND
HIM! I WON'T REST EASY
TILL THAT MURDERING
COYOTE IS BEHIND BARS
WHERE HE BELONGS!



AT THE SAME TIME, HIGHER UP IN THE HILLS --

HOPALONG CASSIDY IS STILL
FOLLOWING ME! ONCE HE'S
ON THE TRAIL, THERE'S NO
GETTING AWAY FROM
HIM! I'LL HAVE TUH DO
SOMETHING PRONTO!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS
TUH HIDE IN THIS
TREE AND HOPE
HOPALONG WILL
FOLLOW MUH HOSS!
THEY'S IT, BUSTER,
KEEP GOING!



HOPALONG CASSIDY

KILLER KEANE'S STRATEGY WORKS--



GOOD! THAR GOES HOPALONGS! BUT I CAN'T STAY HYAR LONG! HE'LL GET WIDE AS SOON AS HE CATCHES UP TUH MY HOGS!

HUH? WHUT'S THET NOISE--
PHEW! IT'S ONLY A STAGECOACH!
STAGECOACH! THET GIVES ME AN IDEA!

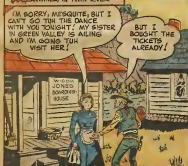


A FEW MINUTES LATER---



I'M IN LUCK! NOBODY HEARD ME! I'LL JIMMY THIS HYAR TRUNK OPEN AND HIDE IN IT!

MEANWHILE, IN TWIN RIVER---



I'M SORRY, MESQUITE, BUT I CAN'T GO TUH THE DANCE WITH YOU TONIGHT! MY SISTER IN GREEN VALLEY IS AILING AND I'M GOING TUH VISIT HER!

BUT I BOUGHT THE TICKETS ALREADY!

THEN I RECKON YU'LL HAVE TUH ASK SOMEONE ELSE, MESQUITE.

THAT'S NO ONE ELSE TUH ASK AT THIS LATE DATE! EVERYBODY'S GOT THAR PARTNERS BY NOW!



(GROAN) NOW I'M STUCK WITH THE TICKETS AND EVERYBODY WILL BE HAVING A GOOD TIME BUT ME! WAL, THAR'S NOTHING TUH BE DONE SO I MAY AS WELL AMBLE ALONG!

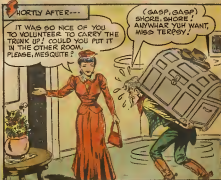
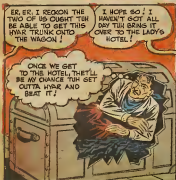


THE DISAPPOINTED MESQUITE TAKES A LONG WALK TO SOOTHE HIS INJURED FEELINGS AND WHEN HE GETS BACK TO TOWN--

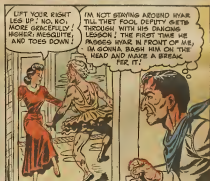
(GRUNT, GRUNT)
JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!
WHUT HAVE YEH GOT IN THIS HYAR TRUNK, LADY? I CAN HARDLY LIFT IT!



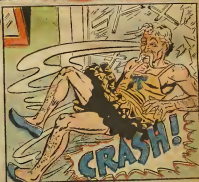
GOSH, LOOK AT THET PURTY LADY! MESSE IF I HELP HER WITH HER TRUNK, SHE'LL GO TUH THE DANCE WITH ME!

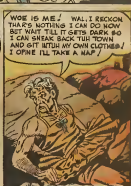


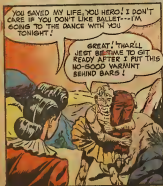
HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY









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A big, chewy piece plus
comics, fortunes, facts

GET SOME TODAY

1¢

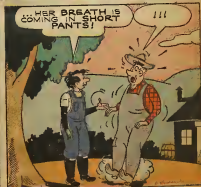
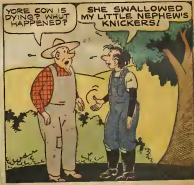


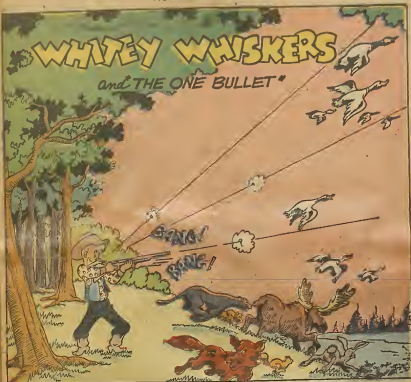
FRANK H. FLEER CO. INC.
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HILL BILLY

PANTING AWAY!





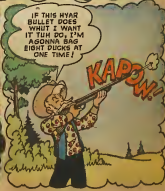
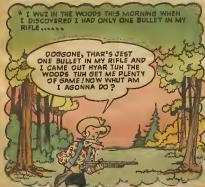
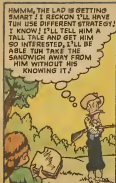
ONE FINE AFTERNOON....

(GROAN) MY STOMACH IS CLAMORING FER FOOD! I'VE GOT TUM MOOCH SOME GRUB SOMEHOW! — SOMEHOW!

HUH? JUMPIN' JEMOSHAPHAT! LOOK AT WHUT I SEE! DANIEL BOONE JR. IS EATING A SANDWICH BIG ENOUGH TUM CHOKE AN ELEPHANT ON! WAL, WAL, HYAR'S WHAR I TRY TUM GET IT AWAY FROM HIM!

DANNY, BOY! I'M SO GLAD TUM SEE YUH, LITTLE PAL! HOW ARE YUH, FRIEND? YO'RE A SIGHT FER---

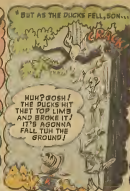
SAVE YOUR BREATH, WHITEY WHISKERS! IF YOU THINK YO'RE GOING TO SOFT SOAP ME INTO GIVING YOU THIS SANDWICH, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING.



HOPALONG CASSIDY



YIPPEE!
I DID IT! MY
ONE BULLET
PASSED THROUGH
THE HEAD OF
EACH ONE!
THAT'S GOOD
SHOOTING
EVEN FOR
ME!



* BUT AS THE DUCKS FELL, SON...

HUH? GOSH!
THE DUCKS HIT
THET TOP LIMB
AND BROKE IT!
IT'S ASONNA
FALL TUH THE
GROUND!



* BUT AS THE LIMB OF THE TREE
DROPPED TOWARD THE GROUND...

HUH! GOSH, THAT'S A
MOOSE! (SIGH) IF I ONLY
HAD ANOTHER BULLET,
I MIGHT HAVE BEEN
ABLE TUH BAD HIM!



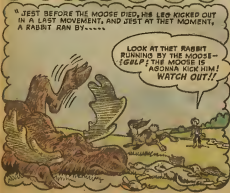
* BUT I DIDN'T NEED ANOTHER BULLET.....*

WAHOO! THE LIMB
OF THE TREE FELL ON
THE MOOSE'S HEAD
AND KILLED HIM!



GOSH! YOU
GOT EIGHT DUCKS
AND A MOOSE
ALL FROM ONE
BULLET?

WAIT, SON!
YUH HAVEN'T
HEARD THE
WHOLE STORY
YET!



* JEST BEFORE THE MOOSE DIED, HIS LEG KICKED OUT
IN A LAST MOVEMENT, AND JEST AT THEY MOMENT,
A RABBIT RAN BY.....

LOOK AT THET RABBIT
RUNNING BY THE MOOSE--
(GULP) THE MOOSE IS
ASONNA KICK HIM!
WATCH OUT!!



IT'S COMING MY
WAY! I'D BETTER--
--OOF!

"I STAGGERED BACK FROM THE FORCE OF THE RABBIT SMASHING INTO ME-----"

OOF!!
I'M FALLING BACK!
I CAN'T STOP!



"I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A STREAM IN BACK OF ME-----"

HUH?!
--GLUB!
GLUB!



AND DO YUH KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I FELL INTO THE STREAM?

NO! WHAT HAPPENED?



I CAME OUT OF IT WITH MY POCKETS FILLED WITH FISH!

WHAT!!
JUMPING JELLY BEANS!



THAT MEANS THAT WITH JUST ONE BULLET YOU GOT EIGHT DUCKS, A MOOSE, A RABBIT AND POCKETS FULL OF FISH! GOSH!

HA, HA! DANNY IS SO AMAZED, HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M TAKING HIS SANDWICH! BY THE TIME HE REALIZES IT, IT'LL BE DOWN MY GULLET!



HUH? THAT'S MY SANDWICH!
(GRRR) NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

YUM, YUM!



YOU WANTED MY SANDWICH, EH!
WELL, NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

(GLUB, GLUB)
;GROAN; I RECKON IT DIDN'T WORK!
;GROAN;



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OF HOLLYWOOD

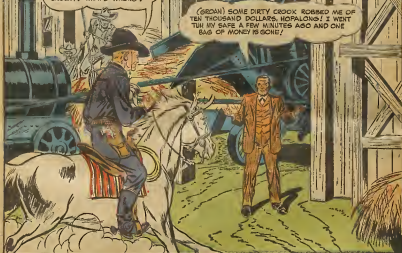
HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

in
**DEATH IN THE
THRESHOLD!**

I GOT YOUR MESSAGE,
MR. WHEATLEY! IT SOUNDED
URGENT! WHAT'S WRONG?

(GROAN) SOME DIRTY CROOK ROBBED ME OF
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, HOPALONG! I WENT
THRU MY SAFE A FEW MINUTES AGO AND ONE
BAG OF MONEY IS GONE!

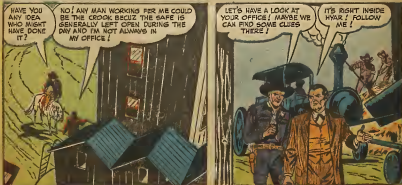


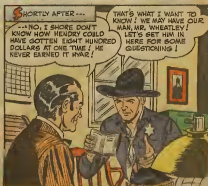
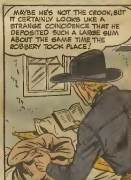
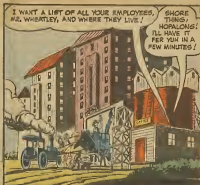
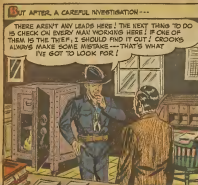
HAVE YOU
ANY IDEA
WHO MIGHT
HAVE DONE
IT?

NO! ANY MAN WORKING FOR ME COULD
BE THE CROOK BECAUSE THE SAFE IS
GENERALLY LEFT OPEN DURING THE
DAY AND I'M NOT ALWAYS IN
MY OFFICE!

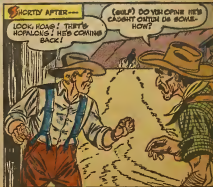
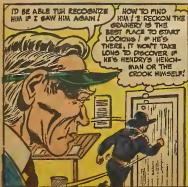
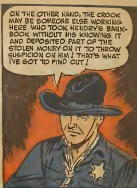
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT
YOUR OFFICE! MAYBE WE
CAN FIND SOME CLUES
THERE!

IT'S RIGHT INSIDE
HYAR! FOLLOW
ME!

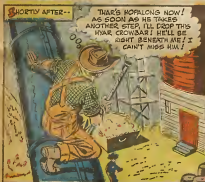
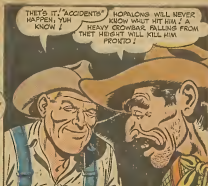




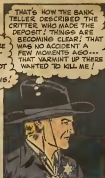
HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY



HOPALONG CASSIDY

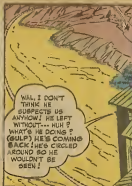


HOPALONG CASSIDY

THAT GOES HOPALONG! TOO BAD HE GOT OUTTA THE WAY OF THE CROWBAR! HE SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD BY NOW!



WELL, I DON'T THINK HE SUSPECTS US ANYHOW! HE LEFT WITHOUT--- HUH? WHAT'S HE DOING? (GULP) HE'S COMING BACK! HE'S CIRCLED AROUND SO HE WOULDN'T BE SEEN!



SO HE'S GOTTEN WISE TEN US! I'LL WATCH WHAR HE GOES AND THEN I'LL GO TELL LEACH!



★ FEW MINUTED LATER---

---AND I'M SHORE HE'S TRYING TUN TRAP US! HE'S HIDING BEHIND THE TALL BRUSH AT THE SOE OF THE GRAINERY! HE PROBABLY WANTS TUN FOLLOW US WHEN WE LEAVE!



NOW WE CAN GET RID OF HIM ONCE AND FER ALL! C'MON, HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT WE KNOW THAT HE IS! WE'LL TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!

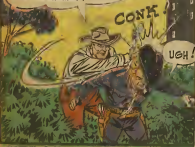


I'LL GO CUT THE BACK WAY AND SNEAK UP IN THE BRUSH BEHIND HIM! AND WHILE I'M DOING THET, YEH GIT ONE O' THOSE BIG GARBAGE CATES!



★ SHORTLY AFTER---

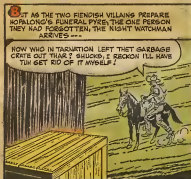
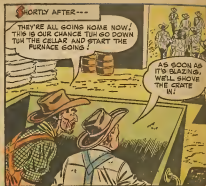
I FIGGERED HE WOULDN'T HEAR ME! THAT'S TOO MUCH NOISE FROM THE GRAINERY!



QUICK! WE'VE GOT TUN PUT HOPALONG IN THET CATE AFORE ANYONE SEES US!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL HAVE HIM NAILED IN THAR IN A SPLIT SECOND!







A FEW MINUTES AFTER---

CROW, LET'S
GIT IT OVER
WITH!

DON'T WORRY! IT
WON'T TAKE LONG!
THAT FIRE IS SO HOT
HOPALONG WILL BE
CHARCOAL IN A FEW
MINUTES!



THIS MAKES EVERYTHING JUST
PERFECT FER US! WITH HOPALONG
DEAD, THAR WON'T BE ANYONE
TUH EVER SUSPICION THET
JIM MEADRY IS INNOCENT!

RIGHT! AND NO
ONE WILL THINK OF
SUSPECTING US!
NOW WATCH YORE
STEPS GOING DOWN
THE CELLAR STAIRS!



IT BURNS IS HOT
IN HYAR!

IT'LL BE HOTTER
FER HOPALONG
IN A MINUTE,
HA, HA!



NO ONE WILL
EVER KNOW
WHUT HAPPENED
TUH HOPALONG!

(GROAN) WHUT
RIT-- WHUT'S
THAT? NO
ONE WILL EVER
KNOW WHUT
HAPPENED TO
ME?



ALL RIGHT, THIS
IS CLOSE ENOUGH!
LET'S HEAVE IT
INTO THE FIRE!

FIRE! (GOLF)
THOSE MUR-
DERING VAR-
MINTS ARE GOING
TO BURN ME ALIVE!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!
BUT HOW? THE TOP IS
NAILED DOWN!

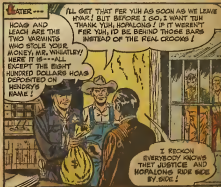


HAUT, ONE SIDE OF THE CRATE HAS BEEN PRIED OPEN
A BIT. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREAK THE REST MYSELF
---IF THERE'S TIME BEFORE THEY THROW
ME INTO THE FURNACE!



HYAR GOES!

GOODBYE,
HOPALONG,
HA, HA!



Pursued by the Pirates

A DREAMLAND DRAMA... FEATURING "RED" WALKER



RIGHT AFTER
READING A BOOK
ABOUT BLOODTHIRSTY
BUCCANEERS, "RED"
DROPS INTO
DREAMLAND...



LUCKY I'VE GOT
ON MY **BALL-BAND
SPORTS
SHOES**... THIS
MAST IS
SLIPPERY!



BEST! I'LL MAKE
A BARGAIN WITH
YE, RED. GIVE ME
THOSE SPORTS
SHOES AND I'LL
PUT IN A WORD
TO TH'CAP'N
FOR YE!

NO
SIREE!

"--MY BALL-BANDS HAVE THE
BUILT-IN SPEED AND COMFORT
I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

ARCH-GARD GIVES THE
LONG ARCH NEEDED
SUPPORT FOR MORE
COMFORT AND GREATER
PROTECTION.

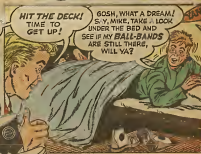
ARCH-GARD
CUSHIONS THE
HEEL AND EASES
RUNNING AND
JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE
METATARSAL ARCH TO PREVENT
TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLES.

ONLY BALL-BAND
HAS THE
EXCLUSIVE
ARCH-GARD



YOU ASKED FOR
IT, RED... HIT
THE DECK!



HIT THE DECK!
TIME TO
GET UP!

GOSH, WHAT A DREAM!
S. Y. MIKE, TAKE A LOOK
UNDER THE BED AND
SEE IF MY BALL-BANDS
ARE STILL THERE,
WILL YA?

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-- SIGN
OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS
SHOES -- IN THE STORE AND ON
THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



Ball  Band

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1931

MISHAWAKA, IND.



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Beauty and value beyond description.

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Sold by leading department stores.



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I will pay postman \$3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.
(We pay postage if remittance is enclosed)

Comes in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

HOW MANY	COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZES PLEASE
	MAIZE, Red and Brown	
	LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
	White, Red and Navy	

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



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American-made Pocket Watch. Leather fob—good luck charm. Sell one order.

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With Holster, Belt and Lariat. Sell one order.

DRESSER SET



A beautiful Wrist Watch. Your choice of Boy's or Girl's Model. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

"H-BOB, THAT'S A SWEET CAMERA! BUT DON'T THEY COST A LOT?"

"THEY DO! BUT THIS ONE DOESN'T COST ME A CENT."



"I SOLD XMAS PACKS TO MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT 10¢ EACH."



"THAT SOUNDS EASY, HOW COULD I GET STARTED?"



"GEE! IT REALLY WAS EASY! OUR PRIZES CAME ALREADY."



"HERE IS A GIFT FOR MY MOTHER."

MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.

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Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$3.50.

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A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs.

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The sensational new Remote Control Toy Car



Fun for everyone. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$1.50.

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For Boys & girls. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

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A fast shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

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A real radio for Boys and Girls. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$2.00.

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Full size musical instrument with Gene Autry's Signature. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$5.00.

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Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Christmas Packs at 10¢ each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take 1/5 cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW. . . What a thrill you'll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they're all so easy to get.

Mail the coupon today for Christmas Packs and that BIG PRIZE BOOK, tell us what prize you want.

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AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will sell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

or P.O. Box _____

City _____

State _____



"I'LL HELP YOU
GET A DAISY FOR
CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!"
—Red Ryder

READ THIS QUICK... Then MAIL COUPON BELOW!

**DAISY 800-SHOT RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE**

(As named by English, W. F. J.)
Looks, feels, handles like a real western
cowboy gun. Carbon Ring with
Leather Thong attached. Red
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branded on stock.
\$4.95

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taining, family fun, target
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used by millions of boys safely during the past sixty-one
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